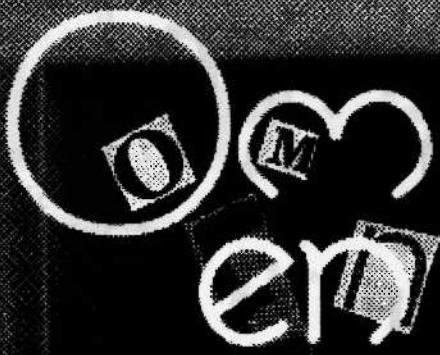


If YOU JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE



HERE'S MORE.

The Omen

Volume 6, Number 4
October 20, 1995

*** EDITORS ***

Jonathan Land.....	Managing Editor
Ben Sanders.....	Production Editor
Stephanie Cole.....	News Editor
Scott Matz.....	Graphics Editor
Emily Belz.....	Graphics Editor
Anna Seney.....	"News" Editor
Josh Brassard.....	Section Hate Editor
Amber Cortes.....	Music Editor

STAFF

Lauren Ryder.....	She Is Death
Some Chick in Dakin.....	Printer Abuse
Rivka Magee.....	Typist, and swell gal

CONTRIBUTORS

An Anarchafeminist
Casey Nordell
Brendan McGuigan
Rivka Magee
Course Catalog:

Lauren Ryder, Damien Weaver,
Stephanie Cole, Matthew Grossman,
Jesse Recinos, Ben Sanders,
Jonathan Land, Tonica Herzich

CONTENTS

Page 3.....The Return Of Dr. Land
Page 4.....Letter To The Editor
Page 5.....Pornography!!!
Following Page 6.....Spring 1996 Course Supplement

Page 8.....In Memoriam:
Yitzhak Rabin
Page 9.....Kaplan Fellowship
Page 10.....Ethnohypocrisy
Page 11.....An Epitaph
Page 12.....Rivka's Net Picks

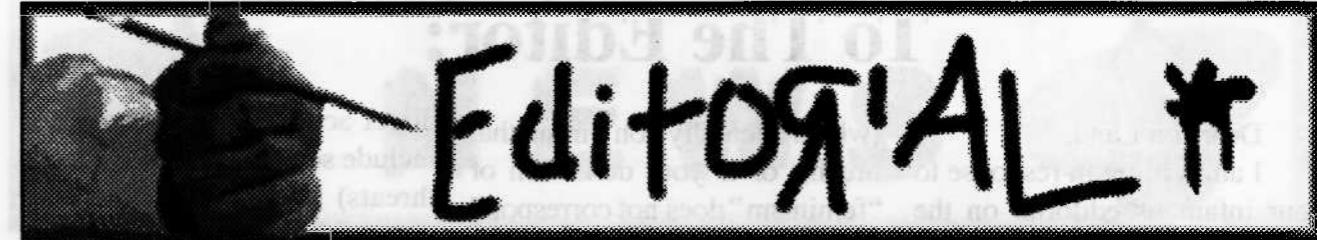
Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?

"Don't dwell on what I say, watch what I do."
-Luther Campbell



Editorial

The Return of Dr. Land

Dr. Land looks outside his 58th floor penthouse apartment overlooking Health Services. He's dropping quarters off the balcony onto the heads of the patients. "I've got to make sure they're sick," he thinks to himself. "I will not let these hypochondriacs waste the school's funds, when there are other people who really need them!"

Dr. Land recently started the Land Project in Stupidity, Idiocy, and Impracticality by donating 6.9 million dollars to Hampshire College. The idea came to him when he realized that he could easily re-route 6.9 million dollars of the school's revenue without anyone in the administration ever noticing.

"They always think Phys. Plant uses all that money for recarpeting each year. Everyone knows that that only requires 2.8 million, what the hell is wrong with these people?"

Dr. Land goes over the awards granted to projects this semester. "The Squeegee Board". It's like a Ouija board except you use a big mop, and you have to stencil "Yes", "No", and "Maybe" onto the floor. You ask the Squeegee some questions, and

before you know it, your floor is spotless: \$30,000. "The Goober Collective". Students working hard together to create a food-oriented computer language. For instance: If you throw some roast beef into your CD-ROM drive, it will ask you if you want mustard on it. If you answer "yes" it will open Microsoft Word 6.0. If you answer "no" it will electrocute you: \$130,000. "An Oar". It's an oar. You paddle boats with it: \$172,000.

Dr. Land was very pleased to see "his" money being put to bad use. "I might as well just give all the money to The Phoenix. No, that's way too easy. I do this for the challenge. They're \$10,000 in debt, and that's just from the online edition."

Dr. Land then took Hampshire Helicopter 5 from the balcony down to the Yurt Newspaper Palace that was opened by two Pakistanis to compete with Norm at the school store. "This'll never get off the ground, not while they're only selling High Times magazine and Ben and Jerry's Wavy Gravy ice cream. Especially at \$26.98 a pint with a \$40.00 minimum to charge it." He buys a pint and then smashes the cashier's head in with it. He

turns to the other one and says, "You must raise these prices if you want to pay your rent. As a favor, I just decreased your overhead by half."

Dr. Land is then escorted by a small, but effective army into SAGA. He slips someone \$100 to bang 2 plates together so he could make an announcement. The boy bangs the plates together loudly, and then Dr. Land snips his head off with a pair of hedge clippers because the racket started a ringing in his ears.

Dr. Land speaks: "Over here, you're attention is to be focussed on me, forget the cripple. I just wanted you all to know that The Powers That Be wish you a happy Thanksgiving, appreciate it."

Dr. Land then walks out of SAGA, machete blazing, and cuts his way through the hordes of people, and finally the glass doors. "Another day, another dollar. There's nothing to this place once you let them know who is the boss, and who's at a loss."

Jonathan Land
Lord Tyrant
The Omen

To The Editor:

Dear Jon Land,

I am writing in response to your infamous editorial on the wimmin's center. I wasn't sure whether to laugh or scream in rage after reading it. As a dissident of the wimmin's center, I do agree that there are significant flaws and inadequacies with the center.

Though, indeed, lost in the humor of your satire, you seemed to miss the true problem of the wimmin's center. First of all, if I remember correctly (I don't have your editorial on hand), you address the requirement of a uniform to be part of the wimmin's center. You claim its members to be pierced in exotic fashions, where the truth of the matter is that only a small number of the wimmin actively involved in the center are pierced. And that has nothing to do with a wimmin's center quota, because I would venture to say that statistically, if you took any group of about 15 people here at Hampshire an average of 3 would be pierced. The same argument goes for overalls. I bet if you polled wimmin on this campus at least 80% own a pair of overalls. Neither of these aspects are the uniform to become part of the wimmin's center. This is not to say, however, that your depiction of the wimmin's center as a "members only" clique is completely wrong. It is not the clothes that will get you into the wimmin's center, but rather your ideological uniform. If you don't agree with their touchy feely i love being a womyn events

(which I actually don't mind that much), or if your definition of "feminism" does not correspond with theirs then you are immediately marginalized. This ideological marginalization then manifests itself into a social isolation and slowly you realize that no one wants to be friends with you much less give a fuck about what you say. Another valid point you make, which you did not expand upon, is the ideology of most of the wimmin of the center is the whole "we'll accept authority as long as it's a womyn". This, to me, is the continuous problem of organized feminist groups, one that is displayed by NOW and other various "feminist" groups. I have yet to understand how one can go about eradicating winning over sexism by using the exact same authoritarian-patriarchal system that oppresses us. For example, when someone (gee, I wonder who) put up absolutely sick and disgusting anti-abortion flyers next to the cardboard pro-choice grave-stones on young wimmin's day of action, the wimmin at the center responded by groveling at the dean's feet, begging him to "punish" the person who made them. As nauseating and sick as the flyers were I think that the person who made them (gee..) has every right to express their freedom of speech as the grave-stone makers do, especially if it is not violent or physically hurting anyone. Of course, it would have been insane to suggest this to them because rather than taking

Continued on page seven

direct action (and this does not include sending the Omen death threats) and doing something about this person's utterly disgusting attitude (who probably isn't the least bit political at all, probably even pro@choice and just wants to start a riot, knowing that the wimmin at the center will buy in) they'd rather have an "authority" take care of it. On the larger scale, wimmin nationally take this standpoint on strategy for bettering our situation as wimmin, reinforcing the same capitalist-patriarchal-sexist-heterosexist-racist-authoritarian force that keeps us all down. I write all this at risk of being attacked in the way you have, Jon Land. But I do share in common with you that those people who hate me on campus and my ideas already do, so what is there to lose? It's sad that I don't feel safe enough to speak my mind directly to the wimmin at the center, and resort to expressing myself in the Omen of all places. I'm sorry, but I'm rising up and I refuse to allow groups parading as radicals to drag me down. This is not to say that I sympathize with or support you or your newspaper. I think it is full of disgustingly sick twisted sarcasm. I think you and your clan of followers are rather lame and will do anything to start a "riot" on campus by picking on groups, such as the wimmin's center, which have serious flaws. I am also not saying that the wimmin's center should be banned by ev-



She's Back...And She Loves Porn!

"Honk if you (heart) Porn!!" On Friday, November 10th, this lascivious imperative got me more wolf-whistles, thumbs-up, and car horn blasts than Kate Moss in nothing but her Calvins. An interesting comparison to make, yes? For some of us, it's free speech, for some, it's Violence Against Women—and we're all reacting to Kate, her erotic perfume advertisements, and her sitters in nothing but skin.

"Adult Video 5" is a porn store nestled near the bridge over the Connecticut in Hadley. Recently the target of heated public debate, its presence has stirred many concerned people, particularly students, to vocalize their condemnation of the pornography industry. Contraryways, this reaction has led a few people to strut their stuff in favor of porn. I admit it. I strutted. And I had a damn fine time doing it.

Loaded down with signs such as "Born to Read Porn," "Solo Sex is Safe Sex," and "I Love Free Speech," (as well as a couple requesting the aforementioned honks) about six or seven of us headed out to Hadley, in anticipation of the protest announced in "The Collegian." We were ready for some

raucous good fun, since most people who publicly announce that they are "for" pornography do it with a certain amount of wit and aplomb. It's just a fact; running around screaming "Let's rent 'Debbie Does Dallas'!!!!" beats the heck out of deconstructing gender roles.

However, the problem with a counter-protest is that it really can't fly without the original protestors. Adversity brings identity, but milling around with nothing better to do just makes you look silly. So imagine our disappointment when the censurous horde we had anticipated was nowhere to be seen. Which, if nothing else, blew a stereotype of mine—I always thought reactionaries were prompt (after all, we were reactionaries to the reactionaries, and we were bloody on time).

To kill some time as we waited for the opposing team to find the field, we went into the shop to peruse the material so hotly contested. It was pretty run-of-the-mill stuff, the usual "Girls Who Do Guys With Two Dicks" kind of trash, and a limited collection of (ahem) "toys." More interesting than the merchandise were some fellow

Hampshire students, there to rent something for the evening. We also met some UMass guys who were there to show their support for the store. Boy, were they happy to see us. The fellow behind the counter was also quite amused and gratified.

So we staked out the territory directly in front of the store. At twenty after four, when the Storm Troopers of Empowerment showed up, they had to scuttle down the road to avoid contact with us (at first, they huddled near, but eventually they read our signs and got wise). It took about five minutes. Maybe it's their low reading comprehension that leads them to hate porn. Perhaps it confuses them.). Getting into the spirit of things, we decided to chant one of the little ditties we composed in the car. This was a first protest for most of us (me included). It would be a lie to say that the general attitude was less than satirical.

"ONE, TWO, THREE,
FOUR—WESURELOVETHIS
SMUTTY STORE!!!!"

"TWO, FOUR, SIX,
EIGHT—DON'T TELL US
Continued on next page

Honk If You Love Porn!

Continued from previous page

HOW TO MASTURBATE!!!!"

...and the like. Over the next two hours, we chanted, we screamed, we exchanged approving yells with frat boys whose most likely only commonality with us was an interest in the sanctity of porn (Well. Some sort of interest in porn). Some highlights of horn-honking: an ambulance, a limo, multiple pick-up trucks (often decoratively laden with gun-racks), a cop, and a guy (two cars behind the cop) who toasted us with an open "Miller Light." We got told people, young people, men, women, families...the love for porn knew no bounds.

Which is not to say that our little friends down the road weren't rousing a fair amount of support, too. Many a driver would read our signs, flip us off, and drive into a more amenable zone, where they felt it was a "safe space" to honk. One particularly classy dame, who obviously didn't approve of talk demeaning to women, yelled at us, "Are you going to go home and fuck your mother? Your sister?" Well. She sure made her point, putting an exclamation point on it by laying on her horn further down the road.

For me, one of the most profitable aspects of the "protest" was the way in which it highlighted the traits of certain people. I have

already mentioned that the protesters who showed up late were a little slow in discovering that not everyone there agreed with them. Rather, they assumed we agreed with them, not pausing to read our material. About an hour into the event, this was even more highlighted by the arrival of two well-intentioned but dumber-than-your-usual-bear UMass women. Hopping out of their car and breathlessly joining our group, they apologized for being late, grabbed two of our signs, and proceeded to train their message at cars. After a bit, I asked where they were from. I told them we were from Hampshire. I asked why they had come to protest the protest.

The double negative seemed to confuse them. I explained that we were there in support of pornography. Whereupon they finally read the crap they were touting, dropped the signs like hot coals, and hustled there brain-dead bodies over to the other camp.

HA HA HA HA HA HA.

Sure. Damn funny. But also kind of disturbing. If you can't take two seconds to ascertain just what sort of message it is you're conveying, how much integrity can your ability to assess your viewpoint have?

Certainly, everyone has the right to an opinion; this is part of the First Amendment rights we

were out there to protect (although we could protect such rights just as easily without the First Amendment). But consider—both groups were protesting in an exercise of their First Amendment right to peaceable assembly. Except that one group was out to protect the First Amendment, and the other—while I do not presume to speak for them—seems to want to cut off a particular mode of speech.

The value of pornography is subjective, certainly. Just like newspapers that commit libel, or vocalizations that end in "fighting words," the medium has a criminal capacity. Yet must we condemn an industry that might also provide a legitimate service from legitimate workers? Pornography is an industry, playing off the role of man as a sexual being. Must we drive these tendencies underground? Can't progress be achieved without eradication? I don't whole heartedly support porn. Heck, I don't even read it that much (although I do own a lot of "Cherry" Comics).

Rather, I was out there as an American, playing my role in the democratic discourse that defines our nation. Do I actually buy that? Yup. Lock, stock, and fuckin' barrel. If the Marketplace of Ideas winnows out porn, then sure, it'll die away. But for now, the demand is there, and the

Continued on next page

Spring 1996 Supplemental Supplement

In order to better accommodate the Hampshire community, all classes this semester will be patterned after the study habits of the students. Classes will meet at the first week, 12pm the following week and then be held sporadically throughout the semester. They will end abruptly before the final paper is due.

HA 021 Drum Circle Performance

So like, we all, like, go out to the forest, and like... Forget about man, I'm too fucked up. Man, am I still typing? It looks like I am. Wow, everything I'm thinking is showing up on this page. This is weirding me out, man. Hey, who wrote that? I'm getting out of here. Aww, man, I'm late to Deconstructing Bongs. Oh, you take De-Bo too? Huh? Shut up, man. Fucking stop it, man. That's not cool, man. Huh?

HA/WP 112 The Letter "A"

This is some bizarre remedial course taught by Greg Prince. Note that Greg will not actually appear in class, seeing as that would involve actually seeing students.

HA 127 Sweatin' to the Oldies

In this course we will explore classic works of literature by James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and Henry James through the medium of interpretive dance. Women and homosexual men only, please.

HA 131 Fingerpainting

How to turn second-grade skills into a Div I.

HA 142 Still Photo Workshop I

This class is designed for people who like to take pictures that have no deeper meaning or content. Like to take pictures of your dog? Cute little kids? Nude shots of your boyfriend/girlfriend? This may be the class for you. Prerequisite: no desire to make any meaningful contributions to the art world and the ability to only take pictures that "make you feel good."

HA 154 Modernism Throughout the Ages

Beginning with Pre-Ancient Modernism, moving through Medieval Post-Modernism, then Post-Modernism, and finally Modern Post-Modernism this course will present the most useless material possible (with lots of hyphens towards the end, as in meta-diagetic-spacio-temporality)

HA 174 Dead Poet's Society

Study the works of such masters as Milton, Dunn, Thomas, Pound, Dickinson, and Parker. Taught by Andrew Salkey.

HA 213 Deconstructing Bongs

In order to be taken seriously as a hippie, one must be able to assemble a bong out of any objects available. This course is a lesson in creativity and resourfulness. The final project will present the student with a Greatful Dead pin, a peanut shell and an illegal pet..

HA/SS 102 Lesbian Eco-poetry: a study in nonsense

This course was designed for the Lesbian who wants to express her sexuality and concern for

Gaea in womyn-affirming curvaceous free verse. The class will consist of group discussions and group sex. Prerequisites: Being gay and recycling

HA 215 The Politics of the Cast Party

They're not called "theater fucks" for nothing.

HA 231 Collage

In this course we will explain how to turn random clippings from magazines, newspapers, etc into a meaningful commentary on society. Prerequisites include belonging to a feminist activist group.

HA 245 Filming Porn

This course will look at the basics of making a dirty movie, from casting and soundtrack to dubbing and closeups. This class is a prerequisite for every other film course. Class will be limited to three Amherst College students.

HA 264 The Art of Being a Sensitive New Age Guy

If you sit around your dorm room drinking beer, watching football, flipping through a Playboy and wondering why you don't have a date, this course is recommended. Learn how to like drinking herbal tea, reading "Our Bodies Ourselves", and protesting pornography. Final project will be the successful seduction of a patron at Food For Thought Books.

HA 271 From Stage to Wage

Serve those fries, now serve those fries like Brando. Watch some 13 year old punk earn millions of dollars from 2 lousy movies, while you rot away working in D'Angelo's. Internships available through Mailboxes Etc., McDonalds, Burger King, and Taco Bell.

HA 290 Computer Music

This course will be taught in two sections. Section A, open to all students, will explore the basics techniques of making a computer generate sounds through pounding on the keyboard and putting poptarts in the disk drive. Section B, designed for advanced students, will offer tutorials in creating music performance pieces by hitting computers with various heavy objects.

NS 105 From Page to Page

This course will look at Attention Deficit Disorder. This course will look at ... oh, look at that. Oops, I changed the font. Gosh I'm hungry. I have a headache.

There will be a lab fee for Ritalin (which you can just crush and snort like everyone else does).

NS 117 Mugs and Rugs

There really isn't much to this course. We just like to keep with the Hampshire tradition of offering some courses with cute names that rhyme.

Prerequisites: Pogs and Frogs, Wops and Cops, Babies and Rabies, Punks and Junk, Orcs and Zork, Tears and Fears, Speed and Weed.

NS 215 Faking Data

NS Div I not going as well as you'd hoped? Need a conclusion for your Div III? Wrap up

your projects and get important preparation for Real World science. Learn how to prove things after the fact, twist existing facts to meet your agenda, or just pull stuff out of the air. A must for anyone hoping to be published someday.

NS 251 Science for Chicks: Genes are not just Clothing

Show that womyn are every bit as scientific as men are. By the end of this course every student will know what to call those cute little glass jars, the molecular structure of water and that everything is made up of tiny little parts.

NS 289 Preparing for Cancer: A Guide for Smokers

We all know that smoking is bad for you, you can't go anywhere (especially Amherst) and not be confronted with this harsh fact. Instead of concentrating on trying to get people to stop, wouldn't it be more constructive to tell you what you're in for? Cancer only sounds bad when you don't know anything about it. After this course you'll be able to spot a malignant melanoma a mile away.

NS 333 The Randomness of Structure

We will be exploring the fundamental question "Who the hell came up with that?" as applied to the Hampshire campus. We will start by looking at the library and move on to other random buildings, "works of art", and the windmill.

NS 358 Advanced Dental Anthropology: The Histology and Chemistry of Teeth

Each week, this advanced research course meets and gets drunk. Because, really, how long can you talk about teeth?

CCS 112 Three Talk Show Hosts: Springer, Oprah and Ricki

These three hosts are all in touch with the feminine world, for different reasons. We will explore how they are in some ways alike and in some ways different. They're the same, and yet not the same.

CCS 150 Neuro-

This course will start out as an easy and engaging introduction to the workings of the human mind, but will quickly become impossible for anyone without a strong background in both chemistry and biology. Today: What the different parts of the brain do. Tomorrow: The biochemical foundations of Alzheimer's (on a molecular level). Class will meet twice a week for the first month or so, after which everyone will have dropped it in favor of Mugs and Rugs.

CCS 105 Proseminar Computer Immersion

This is an intensive course intended for the student who knows little about computers but is strongly motivated to learn. Students will be scanned with a laser beam and reassembled inside the Hampshire news server as a small person wearing a glowing suit. You will have to escape back to the macroscopic world before the server crashes. Intimidated? Don't worry. Some obnoxious little freak with the social skills of a cockroach will de-rez you with his identity disk before you can escape, no matter what you do.

CCS 116 The On Switch

That Power Macintosh that Daddy bought you to celebrate your entry into college sure is

funky looking, but how does it work? The basis of most computers (except a few in ASH) is binary, and binary comes down to "on and off." In the first half of this course we explore turning on your computer, and in the second half, turning it off.

Prerequisites: An expensive computer, a trendy body piercing, and a tendency to say "Whatever!" Preference will be given to first years in this course.

CCS 220 West vs. East: Which is Better? *Course Cancelled*

In this course we will decide once and for all which is better; the West or the East. We will read philosophical, religious, and political works in both Western and Eastern traditions. We will also study the popular culture of both the West and East, with special emphasis on the violent bits. We will conclude this course with a steel cage match at the Springfield Civic Center. There can be only one!

CCS 250 Intensive Computer Gaming*

For this course we will play computer games a lot. The first half of the course will focus on the popular first-person action games; students will learn to use DEU and other level editor tools, as well as the proper use of cheat codes and how to set up net play. The second half of the course will focus exclusively on the wargame Steel Panthers. We will discuss the proper deployment of armor in difficult terrain (as well as what makes terrain difficult!), how to win (or just survive) as the Russians, and how much the Italians suck.

*This course does not fulfill any requirement for any school.

CCS 290 Smart Guys and Dumb Guys *COURSE CANCELLED*

The history of philosophy is the history of debate between smart guys and dumb guys. We will read Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Averroes, Spinoza, Descartes, Hobbes, Hume, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Heidegger, Russell, Moore, Wittgenstein (both), Gadamer, Austin, Searle, and Habermas in the context of this debate.

SS 106 Staying Dumb and Happy

It's not easy to remain insular and uninformed in these days of THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY, but in this course we will look at some of the essentials to being a carefree, fluffy stoner or pagan. Texts include "Ignoring Poor People," "That Funny Working Class" and "Let's Play Revolutionary." Now you can spout empty leftist ideals while driving around in your Saab (with tinted windows, natch).

SS 123 Issues in Socialism

Sure, sharing everything sounds nice, but it ain't gonna happen. Through this course students will receive the necessary tools to deal with having unrealistic and silly political beliefs.

HA/SS/CCS/NS 302* Gaming as a Lifestyle

How do I create a good character? What is the social structure of the mountain Orcs, and how does this reflect their historic oppression at the hands of the forest elves? How can I feel that I belong to a social group? What are the biological effects of never leaving my room? In this course we will attempt to answer all these questions, while exploring the fundamental nature of the gamer. Final project will be the creation of a new game with a new jargon that you can talk about endlessly with your friends and that no one else will understand. Prerequisites include a black cloak and

multiple hidden melee weapons.

*This course does not fulfill any requirement for any school.

SS 154 Being Vegan in a Carnivorous World

It can be hard not eating the four basic food groups. This course is designed to show you how to pretend you like hummus and to whine about the lack of food available. Required reading: 1001 Ways to Prepare Tofu.

SS 168 White Guilt, White Society

If you're of white suburban middle-class descent you might not know a lot about multicultural issues. The great thing is, if you use P.C. to your advantage, you'll never have to learn about these issues. After this course you'll be able to avoid potentially embarrassing situations. All enrolled students will receive a free "Kill Whitey" bumper sticker.

There will be a variety of guilt-inducing minority guest lecturers throughout the semester to let you know about your place in the big Manipsamation of the Little Guy.

SS 212 Third World Cuisine (B.Y.O.R. Bring Your Own Rice)

Rice is a staple for those in underdeveloped countries. This course is designed to teach students how to cook rice like the Ethiopian gourmets. Hence, there will be one recipe consisting of rice and water. Fulfills third world requirement.

SS 215 Discrediting Important Works by Men

Sure, they wrote some important books, created awe inspiring works of art, discovered cures to a few diseases, but they're MEN!!!

SS 227 Teasing the Homeless

How to generate massive amounts of money and manpower to build a house that will just sit around down by the Red Barn like a damn Yurt. Winter is coming, and little Billy is cold, but his house is hidden at Hampshire. And we're not even allowed to drink in it.

SS 238 Working for Financial Aid

Train for a promising career in the growing field of screwing over students. You'll learn all the lingo like "Oh, I guess we lost that." Math skills not required.

SS 245 Law and Society

No, just kidding. No Such Class. Try Amherst.

SS 257 Feminazi Literature

Every good Feminazi needs to be familiar with the great books of the movement. The reading for this class will include: I'm Okay, You're Okay, It's Men That Suck, and Curious George Gets Neutered.

SS 276 Critical Issues in Gothic Studies

There's more to the Gothic lifestyle than wearing black. Students will take an in depth look into bloodlettings, human sacrifice and anemia.

SS 286 The Economics of Pot

Listen man, George Washington grew it, man. Schmoke schome weeeeeeee. Lab fee, man. 30 bucks every week in Springfield, man. Classes will be held at K-3.

SS 399 Advanced Div III Seminar: Getting by with a Hampshire Degree

This course is designed for the soon to be graduating student who has come to the realization that their degree will be meaningless to the real world. The class will teach Hampshire grads the skills they need to survive such as: how to cheat the welfare system, picking out sturdy cardboard boxes, leaving your ideals at the door and telling potential employers "Yes, that was New Hampshire College."

NS/SS/CCS/HA 145 The Art of Preregistration

We'll show you the tricky ins and outs of getting into the courses you want. Learn to arrange a scheulde consisting of three film classes, two advanced acting seminars, and one with the word "wimin" in it - all starting after 3pm. Course limit 1.

NS/SS/CCS/HA 249 Avoiding Your Advisor

This is designed for the student who occasionally misses an advising meeting or two, but still wants to be able to walk around campus freely. The first assignment will be to find out your advisor's schedule by keeping them under surveillance for several days. Next, the student must map out all possible hiding places on campus. The final project will incorporate all the above as well as several camouflage techniques.

NS/SS/CCS/HA 387 Bitter Older Students Seminar

If you can remember smoking in SAGA, pets, and Democracy Wall - you qualify as an older student. If you are starting to find first-years more annoying and have pin-pointed the date you should have transferred -you are bitter. Teaches Hampshire's age-advanced students how to channel their energies into more productive ventures than just writing up fake course catalogs.

OPRA 134 Frisbees! Frisbees! Frisbees!

Self explanatory.

OPRA 144 Smear the Socialists

We will look at self-defense through the lens of pummeling the many obnoxious commie punks that clutter Hampshire Campshire. "Would you like a free paper? That'll be fifty cents... Aggghhh!"

OPRA 205 Greg Prince's Stories from 'Nam.

Hanoi Hampshire! Greg Prince tells us about how to build tiger traps and kill a man with your bare hands.

OPRA 214 We Shit in the Woods.**Janterm Course: Sleeping, Masturbation, and Substance Abuse.**

Class will meet once, for a month. I think we all know this material real well.

Pornography Uber Alles

Continued from previous page

industry is legally sanctioned. Yes—our country just loves porn! What it does not love is criminal behavior.

Am I hiding from something here? Is pornography only legal *prima faciae*? Does it cultivate a criminal element in our society? I believe it does not. Just like the old Comics' Code of the 1950's, the current vituperation of porn as morally corrosive renders causal what is often an ancillary factor of crime. If porn was eradicated, rape would still exist. Sexism would still exist. I firmly believe women can make progress within the current parameters of society. They need to exercise control over the industry, over themselves. This is a huge demand. It can be achieved.

Credentials time: I've known many a stripper. I've seen many a porn. My first boyfriend grew up on Playboy and couldn't have been a bit less sexist. Sure, I used "man" in place of "humanity" three paragraphs previous, but does that mean I'm brainwashed?

I concede I have a realistic/idealistic view of the situation. Call me an optimistic pragmatist, call me a bitch...life is harsh, porn ain't pretty, but progress is only purchased at the price of failure.

And that's what life is all

about. You want Utopia, join a commune. I prefer to live in a world of risk, where success means all the more. Galled as I am to say it, I enjoy being a woman. This is a great time to be a female, a time of great opportunity. I would not limit that opportunity by restricting my options. I ask those who protested merely to consider this: killing the enemy could help you now, but controlling it could help you

later. Kate Moss gets to travel the world in that tiny pair of Calvins. And something tells me she isn't really complaining.

*"Maybe you're right,
I shouldn't judge,
What's wrong or right,
But this is too much..."*

Mission of Burma

**Stephanie Cole
The Hampshire Omen**

Letter to the Editor...

Continued from page four

even beginning to realize it too. So maybe, in the future wimmin like myself and others won't feel so isolated by them.

*In Peace,
an anarchafeminist*

"I may not agree with a word that you say, but I will fight to my last drop of blood so that you may say it."

Voltaire

[Editor's Note: If someone wants to contact the author of this letter, They can get in touch via Jonathan Land or Ben Sanders. Thank you.]



An Arm,
Jonathan Land,
1995



In Memoriam: Yitzhak Rabin

Section Hate - 11 November 1995

You know, kids, there's nothing I hate much more than the God-forsaken Middle East. The whole region is the living embodiment of irrationality and a fine example of just who we *shouldn't* give guns to . . . or, come to think of it, grenades, tanks, warplanes, plastique explosives, TNT, nuclear weapons, knives, brass knuckles, piano wire, blunt objects, et cetera. The Middle East has, seemingly since humans peopled the fertile crescent and surrounding environs, been in a state of constant conflagration. The Jews hate the Arabs; the Christians hate the Arabs; the Jews and the Christians don't really hate each other, but there's not a lot of love between the two creeds, even though the Christians blatantly use the Torah in their worship (giving it the oh-so-innocuous title of "Old Testament"); and the Arabs just seem to hate everyone. Of course, that's an oversimplification of the breakdown of hate in the region - I left out all the intramural hate, so to speak - but it's accurate enough. If I tried to break it down further and with as great a degree of accuracy possible, I would a) be here for days and b) have to be

as crazy as everyone in the Middle East. No, thanks. I'll just stand back here and observe the mammoth amount of hate from here, if you don't mind.

When you think of it, the Middle East should be a Section Hate editor's wetdream. So much hate, in such a geographically small area (I speak in the relative sense here), should make me have an accident in my shorts, if you know what I mean. But I am not your typical Section Hate editor, by any stretch of the imagination, and I find that, more and more, the Middle East just turns my stomach. I do, truly, hate the Middle East, with a passion. I can't stand the region. Why anyone would willingly go there is beyond my comprehension. Especially in light of recent events.

Yitzhak Rabin's death is your basic definition of a tragedy of justice. The slain Prime Minister of Israel was a visionary in a region with too few visionaries, a visionary of the order of a Menachem Begin or, even, Yassir Arafat. His first concern as Israel's head of state was peace with the Palestinians, even as his first concern when he was leading Israeli forces in war was complete defeat of the Arab enemy. Rabin saw that the growing fire of hate between his people and

the Palestinians who share the Holy Land with them was threatening to consume and destroy them, and sought to stop that from happening. His assassination at the hands of an extremist right-wing Jew is proof that his task may have been a lesson in futility.

So many Israelis - and Jews the world over, I suppose - feel that Rabin was selling them out by trying to achieve peace with the Palestinians, by giving them autonomy on land that they have equal claim to as the Jews. Was he, though? By trying to negotiate peace, was he ignoring the concerns of his country? I don't think so, for peace benefits everyone in the end, and land, in the grand scheme of things, doesn't mean squat. I believe that's what I don't understand the most about the Middle East, in general, and Palestine in particular: the idea of *holy land*. For Christ's sake, it's the same worthless piece of dirt and rock as can be found in, say, Afghanistan, or Death Valley, or the Mojave Desert, or any dry, semi-mountainous region on this entire planet. Did God/Jehovah/Allah walk there? Most likely he didn't - probably didn't want to stub his

Continued on next page

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

toe on an outcropping of rock. And who gives a fuck if he did? If we buy into the creationist theory, God/Jehovah/Allah made the whole motherfucking planet - wouldn't that make every piece of earth "holy?"

Okay, okay. So Jehovah promised the land that is now Israel to the Jews. So Jesus Christ died on a cross in Jerusalem. So the Dome of the Rock, where Mohammed supposedly ascended into heaven, is also in Jerusalem. I ask this: *so what?* None of this means that anyone has a greater right to the land of Palestine than any one else. It just doesn't. God/Jehovah/Allah, if he ever walked upon this land and stuck his big omnipotent nose into everyone's business, doesn't seem to give a flying fuck now. People really shouldn't concern themselves with deities. They're intangible, at least in this life. Human beings, on the other hand, are very real, and have to be dealt with on a daily basis . . . but the majority of the inhabitants of the Middle East seem to have forgotten that fact. Fucking idiots.

Let me just say this: *God doesn't care.* Get used to it.

Maybe we should just nuke the entire region and have done with it. I know that's hardly an original thought - political stand-up comics have been suggesting this course of action for years - but, as the years go by, it seems to be the only viable solu-

Section Hate Continued

tion. I mean, think about it. What did your mother do when you were young and you were fighting over a toy with a sibling? She took it away from *both* of you, didn't she. If you can't share, then neither of you can have it. Same thing here, only with a drastic loss of life and major environmental damage. But I think all that can be overlooked, seeing as everyone's going to kill each other over there anyway, in the end. Hey, here's a thought: perhaps we can get the French to "accidentally" test their nuclear weapons in the Middle East, instead of way out there in the middle of the South Pacific where it's not doing any good. "*Mon Dieu!* We thought this was a big ocean. Oops. Sorry." It could work.

In closing, I have this to say: Yitzhak Rabin's death is truly

a tragedy. He was one of the only sane people in the Middle East, and he will be sorely missed. I hope the peace process won't die with him, but I'm pessimistic. I have serious doubts about whether peace is even an attainable goal in the Middle East. Alas, we can only wait and see.

That's it for this week's whirlwind tour of the World According to Section Hate. Questions? Comments? Hate mail? Send 'em my way: jobF92@hamp or HC Box 0021. Or, you could write for *The Omen*. Who else are you going to write for?

So, until next we meet, kiddies, remember: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Requiescat in pace.
Thppth.

Kaplan Fellowship

Hampshire College alums David Kaplan and his sisters Ann, Susanna and Margaret will fund four to six fellowships for visiting students at Hampshire College in honor of their father, Jeremiah Kaplan, founder of the Free Press, president of Macmillan Publishing, and noted philanthropist.

The Kaplan Fellowships will enable undergraduate student-scholars to immerse themselves in the study of Jewish life—its literature, history, fine arts, popular culture,

theology, politics, and languages—while participating in a unique work-study program at the National Yiddish Book Center. No similar opportunity for applied Jewish studies has ever before existed in the United States.

The Kaplan Fellows' program of study will approach Jewish history and culture by delving into primary sources to make firsthand contact with original documents and modern Jewish life. Students will take a semester-

Continued on next page

Kaplan Fellowships Cont.

Continued from previous page

long course in Modern European Jewish history and culture, taught by Leonard B. Glick, a professor of anthropology and Jewish studies at Hampshire. Two of Hampshire's professors of history, Aaron Berman and Penina Glazer, will lead year-long, in-depth research seminars; the first entitled "Jewish Autobiography," will look at Jewish self-documentation as expressed through first-hand accounts of shtetl life, memoirs of the Old Country, and stories of the Jewish experience in America. Kaplan Fellows will also enroll in courses in Jewish studies at the other four colleges making up the five College Consortium.

One of the most important components of the Kaplan Fellows' programs will be the 10 hours a week they spend at the Book Center, serving as apprentices within a wide range of educational and bibliographic activities. The Fellows may develop educational materials for children, or assist in the production of the Center's quarterly magazine, the Pakn-treger. Those with an interest in computers may work on specialized bibliographic initiatives, while other Fellows may serve as guides for schoolchildren and other visitors. "The opportunities for Kaplan Fellows will grow exponentially," says Book Center president Lansky, "as we prepare for the opening of the new building, and

for the hundreds of thousands of visitors who will travel here over the next few years."

Students applying for the Kaplan Fellowships need not have prior knowledge of Yiddish, Hebrew, or Jewish studies. "Rather," says Lansky, "the most important criteria for selection will be enthusiasm for the study of Jewish culture, an avid interest in Yiddish and other Jewish books, and the desire to take what they learn about Yiddishkeit to

help preserve and strengthen Jewish life today."

Students who have achieved sophomore status or higher and are interested in becoming Kaplan Fellows should request an application by phoning the Hampshire College Office of Admissions at 413-582-5471. The application for Fall 1996 admission is March 1, 1996. The Kaplan Fellowship pays 70% of each student's tuition for a year.

Ethnohypocrisy

In the class "Bugs and Drugs" last Thursday we watched a video about ethnobotanists who go to South America to study the medicine of shamans to help discover plants of the rain forest that can be used in Western medicine. For instance, a leaf that would be rubbed on the gums for toothache relief could be analyzed by Western scientists, broken down into its components, studied for 20-30 years, run through clinical testing and finally released as a chemical anesthesia. Meanwhile, the rain forest tribe has been relieving toothaches all along, and perhaps even more ironically, by that time all the rain forest will have been destroyed by Western science and the plant is extinct.

But I'm not here to preach which culture is better; it's all perspective. What we call "alternative health care" is their "traditional

medicine": it's relative. What I do find odd though is that we go out of our way to learn from their culture, while we destroy it or assimilate it beyond recognition and eventually there's nothing to learn.

For instance, one student suggested that a country should receive monetary return for the information they provide to the West about medicine. What's worse is that everyone in the class (including the teacher) sat there silently agreeing. This is, without a doubt, one of the most ridiculous things I have ever heard in my life. Going back to the relativity point:

First, that doesn't fit our standards. You can't patent a plant. You can only patent the way you extract chemicals from

Continued on next page

More Ethno-whatever

Continued from previous page

a medicinal plant, which the witch doctors do not tell us. Some of the cures they propose have no medical basis at all, so how could you copyright their knowledge (it's folklore).

Second, it doesn't fit their standards. They don't want money. What would they do with money? They live off of the forest that we're destroying an thousands of acres of daily. The only thing giving them money would do is help assimilate them into Western culture, not to mention that the money we would give would get caught up in the country's government and would never reach or benefit the tribes, and in fact would conceivably hurt the tribes by helping to develop the country more and therefore create less and less land for the tribes to live on. What the shamans do want us to do when learning from their culture (about medicine) is to learn more from their culture (about life). As one shaman in the video says "White man does not love the forest. Why does he cut down everything without planting anything?" And this isn't a difficult lesson to learn; it shouldn't take 20-30 years (when it's too late) to pick this up, especially by our "advanced" society.

Third, just the concept of paying a country for borrowing from its culture is the ludicrous stuff that the Boston Tea Party was made of. That would be like asking a country that's putting up its first skyscraper to pay every

country that has skyscrapers up already because it was learned from their culture to build tall buildings in highly populated areas to conserve space. Or charging another country money for basing their constitution on ours.

Or we might as well pay Britain every time we use the word "bloody". It's culture; you can't

buy and sell it. So if you want the tribes to be paid, go down there and pay them yourself, and you might as well bring them back with you and have them live with you, because pretty soon they won't have a home.

**Treppinrant by: K,
Casey Nordell**

An Epitaph...

I've got something I've been meaning to give for a while.

On March 5th, 1993, 15-year-old Flor and 16-year-old Droops were struck by a train as they walked along the tracks. How could they mistake a train; didn't they even hear it coming? Yes, they did. Witnesses said they were holding hands. I don't think they ever let go. According to the article in the LA Times, the authorities wondered if it was a suicide.

The article went on. Flor's stepfather had been tying her to a chair and raping her since she was in kindergarten. Did she push the chair in under the kitchen table before she left to meet Droops? Droops' parents, who named him Marc, were drug addicts. His mother had lost custody of him when he was seven. Maybe she was walking down a street at the time the train came through that day, legs moving from one step to the next, halfway between wherever she left and wherever she was going.

An eye witness said: "They didn't turn around. They didn't look back or anything." I picture that day as sunny, not a cloud in the sky. Sunlight of a quality and heft so that it almost has a color of its own. The tracks would have shined, kept clean by steady use. The smell of hot metal, traveling down the throat to combine perhaps with a taste of dust.

Their hands would have been sweaty together, mostly from the heat.

They didn't need to look back. Whether they planned it out or not, the minute they heard that train coming, they knew what was back there, and they knew they would not move. The train had been coming up behind them for a long time. Trains may not run exactly to schedule, but they come along sooner or later. Flor and Droops heard the train and never let go of each other's hand. Did they walk on the ties, or each

Continued on next page

Rivka's Net Picks

This is the Bitter Older Student again, but this week I'm all over shivers, excited about The Net. I recently got my computer hooked up, and I'm addicted to Netscape. I would say that getting hooked up is really worth the money, especially if you tend to get bored on Friday nights. If you know a really good computer geek, installing the card and software and such is no problem. Just bribe them with a new pocket protector or something.

I thought I'd review a few web sites for people. The ones I'm writing about are bookmarks on my own computer. Beware when surfing The Net, however,

there's some disgusting stuff out there, just like you read in Newsweek, so watch out.

About my computer - it's a pc-compatible 386, no sound card, bad graphics, very little memory, small hard drive, DOS 6.0, Windows 3.1. If you have a similar computer I pity you. I can't properly access some of the really cool stuff like the Bowie page.

To start out with, <http://www.yahoo.com> is a good home page, it has links and links and links to everywhere, and is really easy to use.

For those of you of age, try:
<http://www.playboy.com> or

<http://www.penthousemag.com>

You're supposed to be 21 for this one. <http://www.onprod.com>. This is Hustler on-line.

For those genetics geeks:

<http://www.intelus.com/chrom/chromes.html>

This is a really neat site. It's all 24 human chromosomes with all the genes that we know of mapped out. It explains what each gene is responsible for and even gives references! No matter how fast a machine you have, don't automatically load the images, it will take forever to load. Just click on whatever chromosomes you're interested in. <http://www.gdbwww.gdb.org>

The homepage of the human genome project. They've got some pretty neat links.

Miscellaneous:

<http://uts.cc.utexas.edu/~sponge/aprn/SFhome.html>

The Sinn Fein web page! Make sure to capitalize SF. If you're interested in Northern Ireland you'll want to look at this.
<http://204.225.234.1>

For Kids In The Hall fans, this is Scott Thompson's page, called Scotland. He runs it himself. Unfortunately I can't run the audio or video clips (due to my crappy pc) but they're all here - Buddy Cole, Francesca Fiore, Fran (the housewife) and the Queen.

TIPS- If you download programs, make sure you have pkunzip and you know how to use it. My computer insists that I save to disk, I usually use a floppy so once I unzip the program it's easily deleted. When I download text, I have to convert it from ASCII (DOS) to WordPerfect. If you have problems printing, try changing the font.

Rivka Magee

Epitaph Cont.

Continued from previous page

on a rail, balanced by the tie made by their arms, like tightrope walkers with a pole? I picture Droops over-balanced, sneakers seeking footing. The weight of Flor next to him, added to his own, is enough to steady him along the rail.

What prompts this over-dramatic episode? Who am I? Who am I to Flor and Droops, to picture them on the tracks? call them by first name? second-guess their thoughts when they heard the train, had to have heard it? I'm some guy who read an article. I read the article, and I remembered. That memory has haunted for a while, causing flashes of railroad ties and tastes of dust. It's not the saddest article I've ever read; it's not the worst. But I remembered. Somehow I read that article and wound

up with their epitaph.

And who am I to have that? I picture the generic stone over her grave, "Flor Zelaya, 1978-1993, Beloved Daughter". His stone bears Marc Ballin, but makes no mention of Droops. I have their epitaph here, with me, for both of them together. Near the bodies, they found a photograph of the two. Were they holding hands in that picture too? I think I'm entitled, if just for the memory I'll be carrying around. There's been tales about ghost trains in this country for years; I have to have something to say about the two ghosts who walk in front of it. A way to single that pair out. Flor and Droops.

They found each other, but they never found out why they were here.

Brendon McGuigan